HICKMAN, KY.

OFFICE - HEINZE BJILDING, CLINTON STREET

GEORGF WARREN, Editor.

Price of Subscription. : : \$2

TO THEONE.

BY MRS J. V. H. KOONS. When from life's dull and prosy care

- When from life's dull and prosy care
 My weary spirit turns
 In quest of holier rost elsewhere,
 For love like that which burns
 Within my own heart, then I quaff
 From the fount of poetry
 Full many a freeh, nectarian draft,
 Theone, and think of thee.
 Because I feet thy soul hath felt
 Its sweet, entrancing power,
 Before its chrine that thou hast kneit
 At twitnight's holy hour,
 And, while thy spirit upward soured
 In deep devotion there,
 To Good thou'st hymned thy praise and poured
 Thy heart in fervent prayer,
 That thou hast, in life's lonely hours,
 Off wandered forth and wreathed
 Fresh flowers from thought's ambrosial bowers
 And sweet proma breathed
 From all the nectured dews that shine
 Upon Bie's flowery shore,
 And felt that neae but hands divine
 Such balmy drops could pour.
 That thou hast neetled lovingly
 Gn matures wooling layers.

- On nature's wooing breast. And fell while there a sanctity, A peaceful, quiet rest, hat nothing else, no other place,
- Inai nothing eise, no other piace,
 To thee could ever give;
 Nor fill thy thirsting heart with life
 Twere heaven on earth to live.
 Is deep and prayerful tenderness
 My heart goes forth to thee;
 Thy faith and love and gentleness
 Are fault of receiver.
- Are full of poetry.

 Though severed here no more to a
 Till earthly ties are riven.
- Together still up there can feet
 Shall press the paths of heaven.
 Till then I'll trust thy love and thee,
 Nor doubt a heart like thine;
 I'll pray for thee, pray thou for me,
 Theone, and trust thou mine.

THE HUSBAND'S SECRET.

"Not a word, mind, to Dinah Ann!" Dinah Ann herself, the speaker's wife, having strolled down the garden in the sweet stillness of the summer night, heard these suggestive words as the gig pulled up at the gate, and her husband descended from it. She was a pleasing little woman of seven or eight and thirty, with dark brown eyes, a bright, fresh face, and a natural propensity to take her own way, in the house and out of it. Drawing back from the gate behind the well-kept hawthorn hedge, she waited for what was to come next.

Not a word, for your life, mind, to Dinah Ann! "No fear!" replied a voice, which she recognized as that of her brother, Harry Leete; "I know what women are. She'd be for-for revolutionizing the house, and herself too, once let her get an inkling of this. No fear, James! Take care, on your side, that you don't lose that— or let Dinah Ann find it."

"I'll take care. When are you coming to smoke a quiet pipe with me? I "One of these evenings," interrupted the lawyer, as he drove up the lane, "Good-night!"

James Harbury, substantial farmer and agriculturist, came through the gate, and turned to fasten it. Had he turned the other way, to the left instead of to the right, he would have seen his wife, standing against the hedge as close as she could stand, almost into it. He did not see her, and went straight up the path to the house. When his foot-steps had died away, Mrs. Harbury wound her light summer gown over her black silk sprou, caught hold of her lilse cap strings, lest the cap should fly off, and ran swiftly up the narrow sidewalk, got round to the back, went through the house, let drop her gown, and entered the sitting-room, all calmly, nearly as soon as her hus-

"Got back!" she exclaimed, with quite a look of surprise.

"Just come," replied the farmer;

"Harry drove me in his gig."

"What brings Harry up here in his gig at this time? And why did you not come back with Hall?" inquired Mrs. Harbury, who liked to be at the beginning and the end of everything.

"Harry had to come," said the farm-er, who seemed to be walking about rather restlessly-and who never thought of such a thing as refusing to satisfy his wife's questions. "He got a message from the Down Farm, to go over there without loss of time. I thought I might as well come up with him, Dinah Ann. As to Hall, I left him stuck in the tap-room of the Taw-

ny Lion; he didn't order his gig to be ready before 10 o'clock." 'Just Like Peter Hall! You'd have taken the reins yourself, James, I reckon, had you come back with him."
"Oh, he'll not get as bad as all that! But, I say, Dinah Ann, it's a sad thing about Partridge at the Down Farm. A day or two ago he went out with his haymakers-and you know what a man he is to work when he does set about it— got into a heat, and drank a lot of cold sider. It struck to him for death, they

say; and Harry is gone to make his "What a dreadful thing!" exclaimed Dinah Ann, who had a feeling heart with

all her curiosity. "Ay, 'tis. I think I'd like a snack of cold beef, Dinah Ann, though it is late. I got talking to your brother in his office, and missed my tea, so I've had nothing since 1 o'clock dinner. While Phæbe puts it I'll just go and take a

look at White Bess.
"White Bess is all right," said Mrs. Harbury, "So much better that Evan thinks you might have ridden her in to-

day. No need to go and see her now."
"Better, is she? I should like to give her a look." He took up his hat, which still lay on the table, and went out. Mrs. Harbury's eyes followed him; they were full of speculation, and her mind, also,

"I don't believe he is gone to look a the mare," soliloquised she. "He'd not disturb her, now he hears she is all right. And how absent and fidgety he stemed! There is some mystery agate and I should like to know what it is. wonder whether-I should not thinkno. I should not think he can have stolen out to meet somebody," she concluded, her tone dubious in spite of the stress

laid on the "not." Stepping lightly into the kitchen and giving her orders to Phoebe about the supper-tray, she caught up an old waterproof cloak that hung in the back passage, threw it on to hide her light dress and crept out after her husband. It was a very light and beautiful night; in fact it could not be said to be yet as dark as it would be, and that is never dark in

the fine nights of summer. "For him to lose his tea," ran her thoughts, "of all things! It must be some uncommonly urgent business to kind. I do wonder what secret they get that your brother, I think. That the as well as you. I was at the gate last submit to Southern dictation. After Mr. Linhave between them. 'Not a word, for your life, mind, to Dinah Ann,' cries he. she had married a cousin."
"Oh! not that that's 'No fear,' answers Harry. 'I know what women are, and she'd be for revolutionizing the house and herself, too,' Yes, that I should, but it's them I should revolutionize, not myself," she emphatically pronounced. "It may be that old love affair cropped up again; that woman who threatened to bring an action for breach of promise when James married resumed her knitting, and fell into an Dinah Ann!"

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

The Oldest Newspaper in Western Kentucky.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

HICKMAN, FULTON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1880.

displayed no signs of its being ruffled. A TELLING SPEECH. James Harbury was as usual, save that at times he seemed a little absent and

ried man himself, and a lawyer, would lend himself to any earthly thing without scruple. All lawyers do.

This rural district, remote from the haunts of wily men of the world, was given over entirely to farmers and farming interests; simple-minded and simplemannered people, who live out their uneventful lives in the routine of daily duties. The small market town of Northam, four miles distant, was sleepy and primitive, never awakening from its dumbers save on the weekly market day. It had its parson, its doctor, and its lawyer-Harry Leete; all three of them being nearly as simple as the farmers. Not simple in the point of in-

tellect, it must be understood; but as to life and manners. This Thursday was market day. James Harbury had gone to it in the gig of a brother farmer, Peter Hall, it's own mare, which he either rode or drove generally, being sick. He was a tall, slender man of 39 years, very fair, with exceedingly handsome features and mild blue eyes, looking as unlike the popular notion of a farmer as a man could look, and presenting a marked contrast to his agricultural neighbors. So far as appearance went none of them, poor or rich, could vie with James Harbury, and his temper and his bearing were alike

He had one fault, though, perhaps, all people would not call it a fault, love of money. That he was one of the "warmest" farmers in the district was universally believed, and the most saving of men. Too saving, his wife would tell him, and where was the use of it, she would ask, considering she had neither chick nor child? And every now and then she would make the money fly, for she was a dear lover of smart attire, and of having pretty things about her. James would wince, and bid her be careful; but he never went the ength of telling her she had spent too

much. He was fond of her, and she of "Neither chick nor child." In that fact had lain a sharp sting. They had been married eight years now, and the sting was wearing itself away. Time softens all things. He had never given her cause for an unhappy thought until to-night. He had never had any secrets from her, except that he never could be brought to tell her what the exact sum was that he was enabled to put by at the end of each year. Dinah Ann Harbury did not care for that; she knew that,

But she did care for this-this mys terious secret which had come to her hearing to-night. She knew how goodlooking James was; how universally he was liked by man and by woman, and what a kind heart he had—she put it 'soft"-and something like jealousy

egan to torment her spirit. When James came in again the sup-per-tray was at one end of the table, and Dinah Ann, an unusual light in her eyes, sat at the other end near the lamp, having taken up her knilting. The farmer's general manner was easy and placid, though he had certainly seemed restless after leaving the gig, but now he was calm again.

"Well," she said, as he cut himself a slice of the cold boiled beef, "and how did you find White Bess?" "Oh, she seems comfortable," he re-

plied, looking round for the mustard-"You deceitful villain! You know you did not go near the stable," thought his wife. "You are sure you think so?"

she added, aloud. "Aye. White Bess will be all hersel again to-morrow, Dinah Ann."
"It's more than I shall be," though

Dinah Ann, "unless I can come to the bottom of this," He ate his supper nearly in silence, like a man who is mentally preoccupied. And he enjoyed it, too, for he was very

"James, do you ever hear anything now of that Emma Land?" James Harbury laid down his knife and fork in surprise at the question, and looked across at his wife, whose face was

bent over her knitting.
"Did I ever hear anything of Emma Land?" he repeated. "What can make you ask that, Dinah Ann?" What can make me ask it? I don't know. The query happened to come into my mind. Why should I not ask

'There's no sense in it—that I see. "But do you?"

"Do I what?" 'Ever hear of her?"

'Why, you know she went out where was it?-the West Indies, I think -to her friends there-ever so long ago Nigh upon eight years it must be. know she did, Dinah Ann." But she may write from the West Indies. Perhaps she does. Does she write to you?"

He shook his head to imply a negative, and occupied himself with his supper again. Emma Land had once upon a time been a somewhat-sore subject between them, for Dinah Ann was jealous in the old days.

"Do you ever see her, James?" "See who?" "You know, Emma Land."

"I can't think what has put all this into your head to-night, Dinah Ann, How is it?" "But do you?"

"Do I what?"

"See her?"

"Why, how could I see her?" returned he, in a sort of helpless tone, that his wife fully thought was put on. 'She is in the West Indies, and I am

"I don't know where she is, She's there for all I know; and I'm sure it does

not matter. "'Ask no questions, and you'll hear no stories,' "thought his wife, quoting the line familiar to her in her school-girl

I should not at all wonder James but Emma Land has come back again. "May be. Two or three years ago we heard she was married out there

"Who heard it? Who said it?" "I know I heard it; I remember it induce James to forego a meal of any | quite well. But as to who said it, I for-

"Oh! not that that's unlikely, for she was ready to marry anybody. She'd have married you, you know. She laid

did not fall into them, Dinah Ann." And, laughing good-naturedly, James
Harbury turned from his supper-tray to
"Not a word, mind, to Dinah Ann.

thoughtful. One afternoon he went upstairs to change his every-day coat for a better one.

"Where are you going?" cried Mrs. Harbury, quickly, as he came down

"Only into Northam. I shall be home early."
"Into Northam! It's not marketday."
"No; but I've got a little business

there—about those sheep, you know, Dinah Ann. I shall get them at my own price, after all," "Of course you will. I told you so all along. But I do wonder you could not wait until to-morrow."

"Oh-market-day's always a bustling day; one forgets half one's business, on has not time to do it. Anyway, thought I'd go in this afternoon. "I should like to go with you

Mr. Harbury received the impulsive wish with a blank look, and had no ready answer at hand. "I want to buy a new silk gown, and to order a best cap, and ever so many things. Yes, I will go with you, James. I won't be five minutes getting ready." "But-Dinah Ann-not to-day." can't take you this afternoon. You shall go to-morrow, instead."

"Why can't you take me?" "Business," he shortly replied. And, his gig being just then brought round, White Bess in the shafts, he got into it, without more ado, and drove away, calling out "Good-by!" to his wife. "I'll be even with you, Mr. James, nodded she.

The sun was setting when he drove in again and round to the stable yard Leaving his horse and gig with Evan, he was crossing to the house when his attention was caught by a huge volume of black smoke puffing out of the chim-ney of a narrow building that was formerly made to serve as brew-house and wash-house until the large one was built. As it was out of use now, was not in fact used for any purpose whatever, or en-tered by anybody from month's end to month's end, Mr. Harbury naturally thought of fire. He rushed to it like a

In the fire-place under the furnace In the fire-place under the furnace a fire blazed away, upon which more coal had recently been thrown. Whiter than death, James Harbury made one frantic move toward it, while a yell of what really seemed like terror broke from him. Another yell succeeded, and still another; then he collapsed utterly, and fell upon a low wooden stool in wild despair. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Dinah

blankets in the far corner, "what in the world is the matter? Is it spasms James? Let me run for the camphor."
"Camphor, indeed!" exclaimed the
unhappy man. "Bring poison rather.
Poison, You've ruined me." "He's off his head," was her pitiable suggestion. "Let me rub you, James. Where is the pain? In the chest?"

He flung his arms around in all directions, so that she could not get to his chest, or to any other part of him. "Who lighted this fire?" he gasped. "Phœbe lighted it. I ordered her. The flue in the proper wash-house has

taken to smoking frightfully. The blankets are to be washed to-morrow, and will be put in soak to-night. But what is the fire to you, James, that you should be put out about it?" "It's everything to me," he faintly answered. "Five hundred pounds has

been burnt up in it." Rising up from the stool—and Dinah Ann wondered the creaky old thing had not come down with his weight—he hast-ened in-doors, sat down by the table. and buried his face upon it. She found him so, his face hidden in his hands, Now, James, just tell me what all this means—if you are not quite out of your senses. Come! I intend to know." "Yes, you may know it now," he said, lifting his face and its despair. . "I had placed in the fireplace of that old furce, in my old green pocketbook, £500 in

bank notes. And—and—they are burned! They are burned, Dinah Ann!" Dinah Ann paused.
"Where did the notes come from?" " From your brother-to me. A long while ago, years before I knew you, I lent a friend over £400. He ran away with it to Australia, and I lost my money, and set him down as a rogue. But he is not so dishonest as I thought him; he has made his fortune out there, and is back again in London now, and last week he transmitted the debt and interest to your brother for me-£500. I

brought the notes home the night Harry drove me here." "And now just tell me, Janes, how you could think of putting bank notes into such a place as a furnace fire-

"I did it for safety. Nobody ever went in there, and the furnace was never

"Safety! Was there not your bureau p stairs in the bedroom ?" That's never locked.' "Why, it's always locked,"

"Any way, the key is never taken out "Ab! I see what it is. You were afraid I should see the money and want

to spend it." "And so you would, Dinah Ann-a sum like that coming unexpectedly," he meekly rejoined. "Bonnets and frills, and fresh chairs and tables—you'd not have known where to stop." "Well, I must say, James, you have

been rightly served for your want of confidence. No husband ever has a concealment from his wife, if she's a good wife, but he's sure to be paid out. It is loss, though, £500.". He groaned.

"My business in Northam this aftertoon was to consult with your brother about a good investment for it. "What's this?" asked she, placing pefore him the identical green case with the bank notes inside it. James gasped. "Dinah Ann! My dear Dinah Ann!"

"Ah! it's my dear Dinah Ann nowand where would you be without me? I have given you a good fright, however. Don't you conceal a thing from me "I don't think I will," he said, "How has it all come about?" "Why, I have just been playing a lit-

"But what did I say?" asked the traps for you."
"But what did I say? asked the "That's about true, I believe; but I farmer, really not remembering between the excitement of the past misery and

Delivered by the Bon. C. S. May, of Michigan, at Michigan City, Ind .--The Issues of the Campaign Discussed in a Masterly Manner.

Mr. May first spoke of the great importance of the impending campaign, and then passed to a brief consideration of the claims on the country put forth by the Republican party. The day had passed, he thought, when the record of the Republican party during the war could be urged as the only necessary support of these claims. The party had changed. It was no longer the party of Lincoln, Chase and Seward, and the issues on which it had successfully fought had died with those leaders. The only real issue between the parties, he continued is one of administration, as to which one will best administer the Government; and the great question is, what now is best?-not what was best fifteen or twenty years ago. It is high time that this most pernicious and absurd idea, that parties can escape the consequences of present iniquity by past good conduct, or forfeit, when right to-day, the public confidence for the wrong their predecessors did in another generation, should be scouted and banished from our politics. This voting, parties up or for the wrong their predecessors did in another generation, should be accuted and banished from our politics. This voting-parties up or down on their "records" is a vast piece of public nonsense. The questions of statesmanship, of government, are intensiy practical things, and not matters of mere sentiment. I am not here to defend the Democratic party in the days of Jackson or Buchanan, nor to assail the Republican party in the days of Lincoln and Sumner. But I am here to show that the hero of Gettysburg is a good and safe man to be elected this year to the Presidency, and that the Republican party and their nominee, in this year of grace, are unworthy of the confidence of the American poople. They are to-day on trial for high crimes and misdemeanors, and I do not propose to allow them to escape conviction on a plea of previous good character. Good character is only allowed to be shown in the courts in doubtful cases. It goes for nothing where the facts are clear. The facts are clear in this case—they are notoriously clear. It is not a case of circumstantial evidence at all. The Republican party of to-day is guilty, thrice guilty, of great and manifold public corruptions—corruptions proved, corruptions confessed, and it must not be attempted to sneak out of court by showing what it did in the war. It is what it has done eince the war that now concerns the American people.

since the war that now concerns the American

be got rid of, that the books should be examined, and the corrupt rings broken up? The corruptions of the Republican party in these recent years are not a matter of deduction or inference, but of appalling fact and world-wide notoriety. They have been proved over and over again before Congressional investigating committees; they have been confessed by some of the chiefest perpetrators and culprits; they have been acknowledged by all candid and fairminded men in the organization. And these frauds and corruptions have not been small and petty ones, more pecadilloes of some obscure official here and there, but starting and gigantio ones, and in the highest places—perjurers and bribe-takers in Congress, thieves and robbers in the Cabinet. Our country has been scandalized and disgraced by some of these corruptions in the eyes of the whole civilized world, and republican institutions themselves Ann, who had been stooping over some orld, and republican institutions themselves made the jeer and scoff of mocking anstocrats and disbelievers in our form of Government

eross the water. Now, fellow-citizens, why should we not have now, tenow-categors, why should we not have a change of administration? It is a time of poace; there are no great material interests to suffer; the Democratic party have a confessed-ly good candidate—why is this not a good time

Masses of fair-minded men in the Republican party, who recognize the force of all this, who realize that their party has grown corrupt and dishonest, would be inclined to agree that the time has come to make a change, if they were not deceived and deluded by the idea that this not deceived and deluded by the idea that this cannot safely be done on account of past transactions and party "records"—an idea vigorously propagated and wholly relied upon by the leaders and organs in this canvass, because they well know that if the issue is made to turn upon the vital questions of to-day, their party, burdened down to the water's edge with its frauds and corruptions, must go under. So they raise the "record" cry, and the war-cry again, and talk long and loud about what happened fifteen or twenty years ago.

Fellow-citizens, I want this Republican party to come out into the open field of to-day and fight the battle, like men of sense and courage, on their own merits, if they have any, and no on the virtues of their fathers and grandfathers on the virtues of their fathers and granted the virtues, which they have strangely, if not impiously, neglected to imitate. Come out and show, if you can, that your party is clean and pure; that Garfield is a better man than Hancock, and that we do not need any change. cock, and that we do not need any change.

No, fellow-citizens, they do not propose to fight the battle in this way, but instead they begin just twenty years back, and say that the Democratic party is responsible for the rebellion, and that they put the rebellion down. This assertion is the very beginning of their argument this year, the broad proposition upon which their argument rests. When we ask for a change in the Government we are met on the threshold by this assertion, which is everywhere throat in our faces as a reason why we should

Now, I have two conclusive answers to this Republican stock argument of the campaign: First, it is not germane to the question, in parliamentary phrase; it is not relative and material to the issue, in legal phrase. For, even if true, it does not prove that it would not be better for the country to elect Gen. Hancock and make a change in the offices this year. But, and make a change in the offices this year. But, in the second place, it is not true in fact. The Democratic party, as a party, did not rebel against the Government, and the Republican party did not put down the rebellion.

Let me show you that I am correct in this. The secessionists of the South rebelled against the Democratic party and put up a candidate in opposition to it in 1860, a year before they went into open rebellion against the Government.

thrust in our faces as a reason why we should

They refused to support Douglas at Charleston They refused to support Douglas at Charleston, broke up the convention, and withdrew, and afterward nominated and voted for Breckinridge. After they had gone, the National Democratic Convention reassembled at Baltimore and nominated Stephen A. Douglas, a loyal man and a patriot, and supported him, as a party, for President that year. When Mr. Lincoln was elected, it was the men who had left the Democratic party and voted for Breckinridge that went into rebellion, and Mr. Lincoln and the new Republican administration had in their first fearful trial no more welcome and nowerful support than that rendered by had in their first fearful trial no more welcome and powerful support than that rendered by Stephen A. Douglas, the defeated candidate of the National Democratic party. Now tell me, by what mean, partisan logic can it be made out that the Democratic party should be held responsible for men who had left it and fought it to the death, and how did it bring on a rebellion by voting for a great Northern states-man and patriot, who stood like a brother by Mr. Lincoln's side in the supreme crisis of the Government? No, this reckless and wholesale

stand. It is a fuse charge, and respectable Republicans should be ashamed to make Thursday night, and heard what you said to Harry as you got out of the gig.

It excited my suspicions and my curios
submit to Southern dictation. After Mr. Lincoln's election, the Republican party in Congress voted to abandon their non-slavery extension principle, the vital plant in their platform,
and recovered to the side proceeds upand compromise with the South if thereby the war could be averted. They were the ones, in this instance, that knuckled to the South.

is it to assert that the Republican party put down the rebellion. No party put down the Rebellion. The people put it down the loyal people of the whole country. Why, fellow-citizens, look how the figures brand this falsehood. In that same election of 1860, which preceded me. Perhaps she has been writing letters to him. 'Mind you don't let Dinah Ann find it,' says Harry,' or perhaps—
primps James has been foolish enough to let her meet him. Harry, not a mar
In that same election of 1860, which preceded the war, Mr. Lincoln (the Republican can didate the war, Mr. Lincoln (the Republican to let her meet him. Harry, not a mar
In that same election of 1860, which preceded the war, Mr. Lincoln (the Republican can didate the war, Mr. Lincoln (the Republican to let her meet such stuff as this in every canthe war, Mr. Lincoln (the Republican to make unlawful gains and merchandase the war, Mr. Lincoln (the same letetion of 1860, which preceded the war, Mr. Lincoln (the war, Mr. Lincoln to fellows the war, Mr. Lincoln the should the war, Mr. Lincoln the should be chough the war, Mr. Lincoln the should the war, Mr. Lincoln the war, Mr. Lin

was no other Republican candidate, and I supvoter went to the war, and yet the figures that there were over 2,800,000 Union solwhole Republican vote of the country! r, my Republican friends, will you tell me we this extra 1,000,000 of Union soldiers e from? It is mathematically demonstrated that they could not have come from the Re-publican party, and yet evidently they had semething to do with putting down the re-

1,000,000 of soldiers came from. They came from the Democratic party.

Mr. Lincoln was elected by a minority vote-be lacked more than 930,000 votes of a majority. Had the 1,300,000 men who supported Douglas at the North refused to sustain Mr. Lincoln in putting down the rebellion, where thould we have been? This was nearly half to by love of the country, and the South was united against us. No, I say, let us be in the lower with the lower that the lower that the lower that is early in those days, it is only the simple truth to say that without their help this Union would have been lost. Again, fellow-citizens, when we demand a

Again, fellow-citizens, when we demand a change in the Government, we are met by the cry that the South is "solid" for the Democratic party. By this is meant, I suppose, that the Southern States are likely to cast their electoral votes for Gen. Hancock. This, I presume, is quite probable to be the case, as the Republican leaders have declined to contest that section of the country, and practically with-draw all opposition to the Democratic party there. But suppose, under these circumstances, the South should be "solid" for the Democrathe South should be "solid" for the Democraov. What is there unnatural or unlawful about
that? Nobody, not even the most stalwart Republican, I take it, will dispute their legal right
to vote the Democratic ticket if they prefer that
to the Republican. Is it not natural that they
should prefer that to the Republican? Why,
what monstrous folly is all this talk of the Republicans about the "solid South!" First, they
abandon that whole section, take care that the South shall be "solid," and then fly in our faces with the pretense that this will be the success of the rebellion which was suppressed fifteen years ago, and the restoration of the slave power in the Government fifteen years after slavery itself has ceased to exist. Now, there is no question that the eleven Southern States went into the rebellion, the

Southern States went into the rebellion, the States that supported Breckenridge in 1860; but they were reconstructed under Republican rule after the war, and since 1868 have been equal members in the Union the same as before. Republicans cannot find fault with this, for it was their party that restored them to their rights in the Government after freeing their slaves and giving them the ballot. It is complained now that these States do not support the Republican party and give majorities for the Republican ticket. What are the facts? In 1869, the first Presidential election after reconstruction, these States were nearly all carried for Gen. Grant, the Republican candidate, and this was the case also at Grant's second election in 1872. Even in 1876, the last Presidential election, the Republicans claimed to have carried three of these States; they took them whether they carried them or not. At What now is best? Let me answer that question by saying that the great and pressing political need of this country to-day is a complete and radical change of administration—a change which shall clear out every department of this Government, from high to low, and give us a great national purification.

The real mission of the Republican party was accomplished ten years ago, and since that time it has simply been holding on to the offices by good luck and successful fraud. I sak is it not best that there should be another change that incompetent and dishonest officials should be got rid of, that the books should be example. moved the bayonet, the negroes are leaving them, the South is recovering from the war and the carpet-bag devastation and growing pros-perous and these States are all passing out of their hands and giving majorities against them.

Kindred to this talk about a "solid South,"

nands of the men who tried to destroy it." I said this exceeded the other in effrontery, because, however senseless and baseless, that is unged as a simple argument or proposition from plain facts and figures, but this, coming from the control of the consistency and such damnable shiltification as ought almost to blister the tongue that utters it. I have no patience to argue with such a pretense as this. I can only denounce it. When we come this year and present a great Union soldier for President, a man who has risked his life a hundred times, and shed his blood to save this Union, and a loyal Northern man for Vice President, we are met by Northern man for Vice President, we are met by Northern man for Vice President, we are met by such a ry as this from a party which for twelve years has honored conspictions and bloodstained robels with some of the highest offices in the Government. It is rebels, is it, that you mean by the "men who tried to destroy this Government?" Let me tell you there hasn't been a day for twelve years that you have not rewarded rebels with office. Grant took an obscure rebel Colonel, who tried in his grant was to "destroy this Government." took an obscure rebel Colonel, who tried in his small, mean way to "destroy this Government," fourth-rate lawyer though he was, and made him Attorney General, the law officer of the Government which he "tried to destroy." Have you forgotten that? A rebel Judge presided over your convention that nominated Grant the second time, a convention that cheered to the echo James L. On, of South Carolina, an original fire-eater and secessionist whom your administration afterward sent as Ambassador to Russia. Longstreet, next to Loe, the leading rebel General, was early re-Ambassador to Russia. Longstreet, next to Lee, the leading rebel General, was early rewarded by your administration with a fat Federal office, and has only lately been sent as Minister to Turkey to represent the Government which he came so near "destroying." And do you remember Mosby, the rebel bushfighter and guerrills, who shot our brave boys fighter and guerrills, who shot our brave boys down from the fence corners and the thicket— a name which we used to pronounce in the war times with objurgation and horror? Well, he, too, under a Republican administration represents abroad the country which he "tried to destroy." Don't you feel proud of him? And there is the late Postmaster General under Hayes, the rebel Col. Key, who "tried to destroy" the Government, for superintending whose mailbags he was afterward paid \$8,000 a year by the Republican administration! How does that look to you? But you tell me these men have joined the Republican party. Does that, then, atone for their treason to their country and its flag? Do you wish to be understood to say that a United States army officer, who, at the beginning of the Rebellion, deserted his command and his colors and went into the rebel army and fought us for four years unto the bloody death, can somer his account with the

army and fought us for four years unto the bloody death, can square his account with the Government by joining the Republican party and taking a incrative office under it? And is he any better for his double desertion than the rebel officer who lay down his sword and re-turned to his allegiance at the close of the war, But you say: "Oh! yes, Hancock is a good But you say: "Oh! yes, Hancock is a good man. We don't find any fault with him, but we don't like his company." You complain first that you can't trust the Democratic party which is behind him. You charge that this party was disloyal in the war and will be entirely controlled by the rebel influence. I have already shown you the great changes that have occurred in the party, the new and different issues, and have just called your attention to the fact that what you call the rebel element in that party is a minority section in the country. Now, let me tell you another thing that may surprise you. Not only is the rebel element in Now, let me tell you another thing that may surprise you. Not only is the rebel element in a minority in the Government but it is in a very decided minerity in the Pomocratic party also. Look again at the figures. Four years ago, at the last Presidential election, the Democratic vote was, in round numbers, 1,600,009 in the whole South, and only 1,038,000 in the rebel States, while it was 2,600,000 at the North a year preponderance of 1,000,000 votes, as -a vast preponderance of 1,000,000 at the North
-a vast preponderance of 1,000,000 votes, as
you see, in the North. To hear Republicans talk in this campaign you
would think that the whole Democratic strength would think that the whole Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. But you say the Democratic strength was at the South. So they do; and they are supported by the South. So they do; and they expect, also, to carry a good part of the North? Do you know that their prospect is most excellent for carrying a majority of the electoral votes of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the South. So they do; and they expect, also, to carry a good part of the North? Do you know that their prospect is most excellent for carrying a majority of the electoral votes of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? All we should be the States of Penn-support of the North? Al sylvanis and Ohio, now trembling in a close balance between the parties. Should you wake up on the morning of Nov. 3 and find that Hancock had carried the North, as well as the

There is one view in which Democrats possibly contributed to bring on the war, which by comparison is not altogether complimentary to the Republican party. At Charleston, as we have seen, they resisted and refused to compromise with the slave power, and went brave by to certain defeat under Douglas rather than by the Scuthern dietalien. After Mr. Lincoln the Scuthern dietalien and a like the South what then would you say?

But, fellow-citizens, what is there to this But, fellow-citizens and all the other "Christian statesmen."

I said there are other serious charges against that all manner of evils and of ills will come upon the certain defeat under Christian statesmen.

I said there are other serious charges against this year? Has anybody beside Republicans this year? Has anybody beside Republicans in the other "Christian statesmen."

I said there are other serious charges against the other "Christian statesmen." And equally false and even more mendacious is to assert that the Republican party put down the Rebellion. No party put down the Rebellion. The people put it down, the loyal people of the whole country. Why, fellow-citizens, look how the figures brand this falsehoed. Fellow-citizens, it is amazing that we should

wheels of the Government would stop: if the Senate should refuse to confirm, its executive offices would become vacant, and we should have revolution and chaos. And yet, mark, with this tremendous power in the hands of a Democratic Congress, you confess that it has been so well and carefully used that there is not a jar in the Government, and that the machinery does not even need oiling! Now another thing. You do not like Hayes, and you confess that Haucock is a good man, and yet all we propose is to put Haucock in Hayes' place and keep right on with this rebel Democratic Congress!

tense which is urged against our demand for a change in the Government. It is claimed that we need a "statesman" for President, and that we ought not to elect a "mere soldier" to that high office. This is an argument which is somewhat new to Republicans, but they seem to take it kindly since the Chicago Convention, and especially since they found out that their candidate was not "soldier" enough to hurt him.

Now why do we necessarily, need a statesman instead of a soldier for President? I deny that we do. Look at the reason and common sense we do. Look at the reason and common sense of the matter. There are three great departments to this Government. And this is the way they work. The two houses of Congress, which make the Legislative department, originate and enact the laws; the Supreme Court, which is the Judicial department, passes upon their con-stitutionality and validity when any question is ed, and the President, who is the Exe department, sees that they are executed. So his is an executive office, as its very name implies. is an executive office, as its very name implies.

Now what qualities do we demand in such an officer? Manifestly executive qualities—qualities of will-power, of decision and energy.

Gen. Hancock is no rough, unlettered man.

Besides having all the executive ability and qualities of the great soldier, he is a man of penetration and judgment, a man of most remarkable comments against in eight.

men-soldiers, so to speak, of which the great Frederick and Napoleon are illustrious exman for President, I insist that he should be a man for President, I insist that he should be a clean statesman; one who has a fair and honest public record. The man who is elected by 50,000,000 of people to fill Washington's seat should have a character above suspicion, at least above proof of dishonesty. I approach now a painful feature of this discussion. For the honor of my country, for the cause of public morality and decency, I could wish that there was no necessity for any animadversion upon the personal character of a candidate for such an exalted office. And I shall say but a few the personal character of a candidate for such an exalted office. And I shall say but a few words on a subject so unwelcome and so unpleasant. It was a great misfortune to the Republican party and the whole country that the Chicago Convention, in a moment of great excitement and enthusiasm, and without knowing what it did, passing over Washburne and Edmunds, and other honest men, made the fatal and supreme mistake of taking its Presidential candidate from that group of a dozen unsavery and damaged politicians who, in the most corrupt and venal period of our history, were exposed and disgraced by a Congressional committee of their own party. But the party which has made this great and unfortunate blunder, and which, by making it, has compelled me to discuss the record of its candidate, now lifts up its hands in hely horror at what it calls personal slander and "mud-throwing." The Republican party, whose slanders broke the great, good heart of Horace Greeley, which has followed Samuel J. Tilden four years with its lying pens, dipped in the malice of hell, and which has never yet failed to assail and blacken the character of every public man who opposes it, now cries out against "mud-throwing!" Gods, what a protest from such a quarter!

Now, I repeat that nothing is being said

But if I must argue a proposition so plain, suppose we turn this matter round and take an illustration. Suppose now that the day after Gen. Hancock was nominated at Cincinnati it had been discovered that during the war he had been court-martisled, by a commission, say, of five officers, three of them his own immediate friends, for dishone-tly couniving with the control of the county of the forest the soldiers or the forest

District paving ring, where it is confessed that he received \$5,000, under the guise of legal services, for which he made no argument and prepared no brief, but did secure, as the Chair-

But, fellow-citizens, I must dismiss all these things, and come to another Republican pre-tense which is urged against our demand for a

about Mr. Garfield except what is suggested by the record of his public sayings and acts. Every candidate for President most necessarily put these in issue, and when the people shall be gagged and prevented by any means of dis-

mediate friends, for dishone-tly committing with some sutler to cheat the soldiers, or the Gov-ernment. Suppose he had denied the charge, and had appeared before the commission and sworn that he had had no relations with the sutler, and had never received any money from him, but the commission found that he had, on their oaths, his friends with the rest. Now, what do you suppose the Republican party would have done about this? Do you think they would have been so meek and modest that they would have kept still about it? What ought they to do in such a case? Why, who would not concede that, under such circum-stances, they would be justified in spreading before the people the sworn record which proved that Gen. Hancock was a bribe-taker and a perjurer, and unfit to be President?

Now, this is all the Democrats are doing with Gen. Garfield. He has been court-martialed by his own party in Congress; found guilty of conniving with an old political "sutler" by the name of Oakes Ames, notwithstanding he swore that he had had no such dealings with the said Ames. Do I overstate this matter? This is but is it not a fair subject for comment? I could read to you for an hour what the leading Republican papers of the country said about this transaction, and how they denounced Mr. Garfield, some of them demanding his expulsion. These papers are now supporting him for President, eating their own words, and are joining in the new position which the party is fast taking, that, after all, there was nothing very bad in the Credit Mobilier, and that Oakes Ames is a deeply-wronged and persecuted man. Ames is a deeply-wronged and persecuted man! If this line can only be established, it will carry relief and joy to Colfax and Patterson and all

VOL. XV.-NO. 52.

ter. They know that there is not a single word of truth in them. They know that the Democratic party in Congress refused to pay rebeiching, while ther party has peid millions of them; that no Democrat anywhere proposes the payment of the rebeil debt, or to disturb the amendments of the constitution as to the negro, and that the party in all its conventions, National and State, has so resolved every year since the war, and that Gen. Hancock, in his letter of acceptance, took especial pains to say that he would, if President, exert all his power to maintain these results of the war inviolate and inviolable. And so said Mr. English, also.

My Republican friends, give me your attention a moment, while I show you by a most conclusive and oversehelming test that you have grossly slandered the Democratic Congress, and that the fears you would inculate. One of the leading arguments you use this very year to combat our demand for a change is the fact which you claim that everything is going right now, and that we do not need any change; that our debt is being prespectual to be a second to be a

and fraternity between the once-co The South wants peace and good-will. She s building up the waste places of war; she is just starting upon a new career of enterprise and business prosperity. The North wants Southern trade and Southern money. The whole country wants rest and repose, and unity and brotherhood. Down with these war cries: and brotherhood. Down with these war cries; down with these slanders and this sectional hate; down with the party which engenders these things, which can only live and thrive on the memories of fraternal bloodshed, and which would poison a new generation with the hatreds and animosities of their fathers. There is danger in all this to the future peace of the country. The men of the South, who fought in the war, will never again take the sword, no matter how much they may be goaded or taunted. But who shall answer for their children if the Republican party continues to bear rule, and the successors of the Blaines and the ndlers, the Fryes and the Hales continue this ceaseless aggravation? Can the American people afford to keep a party in power which thus threatens the Union with future convul-

sions?

Democrats of Indiana, in this great battle for national purity and national peace, you hold the center of the line. I pray you to stand firm Gettysburg. Here will be the thickest of the fight—here you will receive the mighty shock of fight—here you will receive the mighty shock of the enemy's grandest assault. All around you his forces are now massing for the charge. Close up the ranks, stand to your guns, do your duty like men and patriots, and you shall send the broken legions of the foe flying in wreck and despair from this great central battle-field of the campaign. God grant that when the sun shall go down on that coming October day you may have won here a victory which shall thrill the land from end to end, and cause the anxious hearts of patriotic men everywhere to envious hearts of patriotic men everywhere to leap for joy that the power of the oppressor is broken and the republic may live and be im-

Names of Countries. The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phoenician language signifying something char-

acteristic of the places which they des-Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the in-habitants were a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa. Asia signifies between, or in the mid-dle, from the fact that the geographers

placed it between Europe and Africa. Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain. Siberia signifies thirsty or dry-very

Spain, country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augusta for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.
Calabria, also, for the same reason. Gaul, modern France, signifies vello haired, as yellow hair charactized its in-

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a ragged mountainous province in Scotland. Hibernia, is utmost, or last habitation, for beyond this the West-ward Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of

which it resembles.

quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on its western coast. Corsica signifies a woody place. Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men,

Syracuse, bad favor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. Sicily, the country of grapes

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction. Ætna signifies a furnace, or dark or

The main difficulty in Icelandic travel-ing is to find ground firm enough to bear a horse and his rider, and the safest track is often along the sea-beach, where that is available, or even in the bed of a stream. Water is everywhere, and the traveler constantly crosses fords, either in the river whose course he is following, or through torrents rushing down from the field on either side. The pass over which we had to ride is about 1,500 feet high, and in the month of June the "divide" was still blocked with snow. This snow was hard enough to bear a man or a pony, but in many places it would give way beneath them, when both on the same set of feet, and in consequence the Captain and I did a good sequence the Captain and I did a good had been gone some half a minute when his Home straightened up and told Right deal of walking. The old guide, how-ever, stuck to his steed, except when obliged to cross a torrent on a precari-ous bridge of snow, and they managed to flounder triumphantly through all difficulties. An Icelander in riding uses

On Sunds neither whip nor spur, but works his ter Herald, the residents in the southern arms and legs perpetually like the sails suburbs were startled by a heavy roar as of a windmill, and can thus keep his of distant thunder, accompanied by a pony moving at a pace which leaves the trembling of the earth. This lasted but foreigner far in the rear. On the quiet a few seconds, and the general waters of the fjord the eider ducks were was that a slight earthquake had taken whole argument on the other side proceeds upon the idea that the Democratic party is a vast
organized conspiracy to overthrow the Government and destroy the country—that if they sucment and proportions, an
appropriation of millions of the people's money
to put into the pockets of a ring of swindlers

organized conspiracy to overthrow the Government and destroy the country—that if they sucment and sucmen for a rotten and worthless pavereent. This is a most serious charge, and it is a part of the public record of this candidate. There are still other charges, but these are enough. The unquestioned facts, without straining, show that this man is destitute of high public integraty, and that should be enough. Whatever his talents, he belongs to that odense case of our modern public men who make unlawful gains and merchandss out of public office, and seek to cover up and expiste their miquity by load cauting the public office, and seek to cover up and expiste their miquity by load cauting to his appears that a well known society young man was showing some young ladies at the mills how to swing in a hammock. The lesson proceeded successfully until the fastening broke, and the ground in the shape of the letter V. The roaring was caused by his remarks, and the trembling of the with striations from glaciers that have learn by the sudden contact of something long since disappeared, —The Nineteen'h croaked over our heads, according to his appears that a well known society young long since disappeared, -The Nineteen'h less than three hundred pounds of hu-

WAIFS AND WHIMS:

A two-roor rule-don't wear tight

BEES carry pollen dust on their legs. That is how dust the busy bee. A MAN who wears a ten-cent piece on his shirt front calls it his dime and pin. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," But he who sits on a tack

springs best.

Some women were evidently "born to blush unseen"-at least they are never seen to blush

A MEDICAL student declares that the adden death of Little Eva was calcu-

ated to awe Topsey. THERE is nothing in the four quarters of the globe more unreliable than the hind-quarters of a mule.

Samson's strength depended on his hair; but a woman's strength depends upon the strength of her hair-pins. A PATENT medicine man's conveyance ran away yesterday, and you should have

een the way the drug-store down the ."TREAT woman like a splendid flower."

says Bob Ingersoll. "So I do. I have planted mine," says a widower who has buried three wives.

A litrie boy being told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him, "Powder, powder," said he, "mother, I ain't a gun." A DANBURY officer always looks on the bright side of things. He says, were it not for the episode in the Garden of Eden

he would not be a policeman. - Danbury "IF Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-mouthed fellow on the street corner, "he will have his hands full." The crowd looked at the man's ears and

"Yes, it's John's grave," murmured the disconsolate widow, "and he was a good man; and it did seem a wicked waste of money to put so good a casket

under all that damp earth. A Troy gentleman who married a widow, complained to her that he liked his beef well done. "Ah, I thought I was cooking for Mr. Brown," said she. "but, darling, I will try and forget the poor dear."

poor dear." A sexton reported that a corpse exhumed in a graveyard was petrified and many persons went to see the body. Their curiosity was soon satisfied. The sexton had inadvertently put an "e" instead of a "u" after the "p" in "petri-

Just before visiting the menagerie Johnnie had a passage-at-arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arand with whom he new into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, Johnnie was immensely interested by a strange foreign animal with long lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant eater, my son." After long silence—"Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

"Is rous programme full, Miss Beetle-crusher?" asked a young man of a West-ern damsel who had just struggled out of the refreshment room with a disappointment in her eye and an "order of dances" in her hand. "Programme full?" said the daughter of the setting sun, "Wall, I guess not! I hain't had nothin but a piece o' cake and an ice cream, an' that don't go fur towards fillin' my proe, I can tell you.

"I wish I was a edytur, I'd in my aanktum stand

I'd in my annktum stand
An' when the candydate cum in
To try to taffy me,
I'd exercise no modesty.
To any grate degree;
I'd tell him rite into his teeth,
That our infloo-nee allers
Is lent to the asprin' man
That has the shinin' \$55\$
An' if he plunged up the dust An' if he plunged up the dust Forthwith my sheet 'd praise him,

SHE (whispering)—"Hush! Take it, derling! Your heart will teach you to find out it's use." He—"Kind, thoughtful girl! Anydainty is welcome in camp, and"—. She—"Not a word, papa is waking. Good-bye." And he was gone. And when he found she had given him a cat in the basket he waxed wroth, for, alas! his heart did not teach him that when in camp he should hide a billet under his collar and let it loose, whereupon

Tom would make his way straight back to his mistress. We will certainly be called on to record the sudden and violent death of that fellow Gilhooly. Yesterday he stopped in front of a fruit stand on Galveston avenue and picked out several peaches, squeezed them until the stuffing came out of them, trying to find out if they were ripe, and then he put them back. "Look here, I can't sell them peaches after you have squeezed them." "You didn't sell 'em before I squeezed 'em did you?" "No, but—" "Well, if you don't sell 'em after I've squeezed 'em, you ain't any worse off than you were before. You

must learn to reason, man, before you talk .- Galveston News. Some More Love. "This, I presume, is Matilda Williams?" queried his Honer as a plainly-

"And you disturbed the peace, I be-"I believe so." "Have you any defense?"
"Yes, sir; wait till I find my handkerchief, for I know I shall cry as soon as I

dressed woman of 40 was escorted to the

get mad." Failing to find the needed article in her pocket she sent Bijah to her cell to recover it, and then began: "For the past six months I have been keeping company with a man named Thomas. We were to be married in October, and I had no doubt that he was all right. The other day I heard that he had gone off on an excursion with a foolish chit of a girl not 16 years old, and I

waited for the boat to come in to see if it Here she began weeping, and a thrill of sympathy ran over the audience, while Bijah shuthis teeth together and breathed like a horse galloping up hill.
"Yes, it was so," she continued; "and when I got sight of them I sort o' lost my

presence of mine and thought only of reinge. I expect I raised a row but I couldn't help it." "Of course she couldn't!" growled Bi-jah below his breath. "If I had been in her place I'd have killed him dead with a tack hammer!"

"Well?" queried the court as he sank back in his chair. "That's about all, sir," she replied. "I shall never trust another man as long as I live. It was a great shock to me and I fear I am going to be ill." The court began to hunt for something in the drawers of his desk, and Bijah

A Mystery Explained.

had been gone some half a minute when his Honer straightened up and told Bijah

On Sunday evening, says the Roche manity.